Wichita Eagle

CONCERNING QUARRELS.

AN INTERESTING DISSECTION OF THE SUBJECT BY MRS. LESLIE.

Quarrels of Lovers—Women's Quarrels. Quarrels of Friends—Comradeship Between Man and Woman—Difference Between His Mode of Quarreling and Hers.

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I have said a good deal at one time and another about friendship, claiming for it perhaps the highest place in the scale of the happiness of life—not, mind you, of the *pleasures* of life, for the delirium of love brings a rapture which friendship never attains. But on the other hand all love is of the nature of *la grippe*. It seizes vivaciously, it clings tenaciously, it rapidly attains a domination over the whole being, before which every other sensation pales, and then it vanishes. Its rise is position, it attains its climax, during which some victims expire, and all fancy they are going to, and then—*then* it begins to disappear, slips from one hold to another, and finally leaves the system worn, torn, shattered, exhausted, but free—that is, comparatively free, for nobody soon loses all remembrance of the attack, and in some unlucky cases it returns again and again. Well, such is love, and such is not friendship.

Mme. Swetchine, the devoted and immaculate friend of Pere Lacordaire, said, "A friendship is young and fresh at the end of thirty years, but many a love dies of old age at the end of three months." And never was a truer saying.

Today, however, I do not intend to speak of the charms of friendship, but rather of its pains and penalties, of the falling out with one's friends rather than of the harmony of mutual satisfaction.

Everybody, that is every woman, knows, for men do not know much that can't be expressed by algebraic signs, but all women know that the person of whom they are fondest is the person with whom they are most apt to quarrel, and this rule governs both love and friendship.

It is one of the queer anomalies of woman's nature that what she most values is that with which she finds most fault, and that which is necessary to her very existence is precisely what she most often imperils and pretends to fling away. It is so in love, for "lovers' quarrels" are proverbial, and I have heard more than one woman complain of some man that she never could care very much for him because it was so impossible to vex him.

But the quarrels of friends are of another nature from those of lovers, just because love is of another nature from friendship—the former springing into existence of its own sweet right, and bringing with it such utter subversion of all previous conditions that for a little while reason is put out of court, justice is blinded more than usual and nobody expects to either use or listen to what is called "rational argument" in the matter. But friendship is built upon a rock foundation of esteem, knowledge, experience and observation. You like a stranger, you find him or her a pleasant acquaintance, you become more and more familiar, and perhaps in the end you arrive at friendship; but it is always, if worth anything at all, a matter of growth and time.

The Temple of Love arises from the flowers at one wave of the magician's wand, is ready for habitation in an hour and vanishes with the like celerity. If some terrible quarrel demolishes the fair structure as by a hurricane the magician has but to wave his wand again, and everything is renewed just as rosily as at first. But the shrine of friendship is a far more elaborate structure, built up block by block, each one a precious stone fitted to its exact position, growing by degrees under the hands and eyes of its builders, meant to endure, fitted for lifelong occupancy, and yet quite useless for any other inmates than those who build it.

If the friends are two women the chance is that this mutual structure will be a lifelong employment and happiness to both; and although it may be a very quiet and simple little dwelling, it may prove the best refuge either will ever find from the storms of life. The chances are that the woman friends will never quarrel seriously; women seldom care deeply enough for each other to quarrel unless they are true friends, and then they care too much—that is, each knows the other and respects the other too thoroughly, and feels that too much of her companion's hidden life has been made known to her to allow her that freedom of expression, that jibing and taunting which, in more or less courteous fashion, pervades all quarrels of the feminine gender.

If two mature and deep hearted women who are friends do ever come to an open quarrel it is almost invariably a fatal one.

But if the friends are of opposite sexes there is again a difference. The friendship is different, the tendency to quarrels is different, the effect of both quarrel and reconciliation is different. In this case it is almost always the woman who starts the quarrel, and very probably the moving cause is that she is tired of the serene and undemonstrative nature of her friend's friendship. She does not wish him to be a lover; she would be sincerely grieved and disappointed if he were to become so, but she wants him to "care," and to show that he cares, for her and her friendship; to say something to her that he does not say to other people; to look pleased when she appears upon the scene; to give her now and again that "little look across the crowd" which speaks of sympathy and mutual comprehension of what we call *rapport*.

But a man, although he does all these things for love, does not do them for friendship—that is, not to any great extent. He feels that he has a friend in this woman, and if he is tired or worried, or wants a little comradeship in pursuits which absorb his life, he turns to her frankly and without sentiment; and if with more expansiveness than he would show to a male friend, without a bit of the glamour he would throw around the woman that he loved.

Now there is something in this assured undemonstrativeness very irritating to a woman's inherent love of dominion. If she is a cultivated and finely natured woman she is ashamed of her own exacting nature and tries to conceal and subdue it. She avoids making professions of her own feelings and tries to avoid expecting them. She tries to be the sort of friend a man is to another man, solid, true, but utterly unsentimental, and her effort ends, as do all efforts to be what God does not intend us to be, in weariness, discouragement and occasional protests of outraged nature.

Falling into one of these lapses the woman friend is ripe for a quarrel, and the occasion is never hard to find. Something that is said or not said, done or left undone, or even some fantasy of her own brain, is sufficient. She generally begins with a very cool and elaborately sensible expostulation, basing her reproaches upon jealous care for her friend's reputation with other people, as "Of course I can understand and make allowances, but I do hate to have you give other people such a handle for gossip or ridicule—I hate to see you appear stupid or rude," or whatever the peg may be called upon which the quarrel is to be hung. If at this stage the male friend had the intuition that male friends never do have, and said, "Oh, well, you understand me, and it really don't matter what other people think," the quarrel would be nipped in the bud, the craving woman heart, never altogether subjected to the brain, would be satisfied and the cloud on the horizon would turn pink and sail away out of sight.

But instead of this the man will either stare and say, "What nonsense! What do I care for the opinion of a pack of fools?" or he will defend himself, intrenching a position he really never meant to hold, simply because it is attacked, and if he is a very mannish kind of a man will end in obstinately persisting in opinions which an hour before he never dreamed of.

The woman, preserving the finely judicial and sensible tone she has adopted, generally falls into irony at this point, and reminds her friend of sundry mistakes he may have made in times past, and often commits the terrible error of wounding the self love and self esteem which are to most men a good deal more valuable than any friend who ever lived. She is made aware of her error by an ominous change in her companion's manner. From being careless, a little brusque and rather patronizing, he suddenly becomes cold, very polite, and meets the woman's needle points of irony with the bludgeon blows of a man's sarcasm.

The quarrel is now handsomely established, even if the woman is wise enough to close the conversation at this point and trust to Time to bring all things back to their previous condition. But Time is, after all, only a time server. He throws some hasty drapery over wounds committed to him for cure and calls the work done. The wound does heal after a good while, but it leaves a scar and sometimes a callous place that never has any feeling again, and sometimes there is the actual loss of substance, leaving a cavity where once has throbbed the living flesh. No, it is a poor plan to call in Time as surgeon to wounds of the affections, but a man always does it because he hates a scene; he can't express himself easily upon unalgebraic matters, and most men don't really know much about either their own or a woman's feelings.

The woman often tries the same remedy for a while, partly because she knows that she was the person to blame and doesn't like to confess it, partly in the vague hope that something will happen to put things straight. But during the period of suspense the world does not go well with her. Outwardly if she meets her friend it is with a painfully careless assumption of nothing being the matter, a more than usual interest in outside matters, and a sensible, *fort esprit* sort of manner as of one far above the folly of cherishing wounded feelings.

The man, if he has not really forgotten the whole affair, wishes nothing more than to bury it, hails this demeanor with delight, is completely deceived by the assumption of renewed friendliness and is not aware that a certain coldness and constraint lingers in his own manner, the bitter flavor of the draught forced upon him by his friend in the quarrel, whose motive he has never understood.

Meantime the woman, who does understand perfectly the hollowness of the truce, performs that strange feat known as feeding upon her own heart. She tells herself that all real friendship and sympathy are over and past; perhaps bitterly accuses herself of growing old and unattractive, and considers for a few moments what bright beauty has probably supplanted her in her friend's esteem; but common sense soon comes to her aid upon this point, and reminds her that youth and beauty are rather detrimental than attractive in a matter of friendship, and that it is not likely any one should supplant her in a position she is pleasantly conscious of deserving thoroughly. Then she begins to satirize society, to find the world a poor, worn out, stupid place, and settles the question, Is life worth living? by a contemptuous negative. Very likely she suffers somewhat in health, and when her acquaintances say, "You are a little pale today; aren't you well?" replies, "Oh, I don't know; I fancy it is the remains of *la grippe*, or perhaps I have malaria hanging about me."

So she mopes and grows misanthropic, and makes herself disagreeable to harmless people who bore her, and swears to herself that she don't care a bit, and isn't such a fool as to brood over what her friend has evidently forgotten, and if she meets him is so elaborately civil and sneers so very politely at theories and people whom she knows he cherishes that he begins to feel that she isn't half so agreeable as she used to be, and is really afraid she isn't sweet tempered, which is the most fatal accusation a man can bring against a woman; that is to say, in his own estimation.

At last some rising tide of pain and impulse seizes the poor, self tormenting woman at a fortunate moment and hurries her on to a few blind, stammering words of undisguised and simple truth.

"I was to blame that day—I am sorry—let us forget it."

Probably the man, being but a man, looks bewildered and says, "What day—what do you refer to?"

But once started the woman nature rises in a flood of sweet waters not lightly to be checked or turned aside. She explains with that sort of affectionate impatience women so often use toward men, she waves aside that defense of his own course with which a man generally tries to revive the quarrel he hates and dreads, she explains her own course—no, indeed, she doesn't explain it, for she knows she would not be understood, but she says she had a headache and felt cross and tired, and it was too bad of him not to perceive it.

She is bright and sweet and womanly, she makes his value felt; she gently recalls the duration and constancy of his friendship; she re-establishes the man's self esteem, and finally they part "better friends than ever," as she says and he echoes, and still in her heart she knows that there are blemishes remaining on the polished marbles of that temple of friendship which no effort and no time will wholly remove, and she firmly resolves that so precious a possession shall never again be marred or risked by act of hers.

And she keeps the resolution strictly and carefully—until next time.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

PREACHER AND LECTURER.

Here Is a Brief Sketch of the Rev. Annie H. Shaw.

It is pleasant to record success achieved against odds of the most adverse conditions. Without having received even the common school education which falls to the lot of most children, Miss Shaw has become a learned woman and one of the foremost preachers of her sex. She was born at Newcastle, England, in 1847. When she was but 4 years of age her family came to this country, and when she was 11 years old they settled in northern Michigan, where there were no schools.

REV. ANNIE H. SHAW.

She, however, studied without teachers, and when she was 15 years of age she taught a country school. She continued to teach and study until she was 23, when, after attending school one year, she was ready to enter college. It was at this time that she was converted and resolved to enter the ministry.

In speaking of her life Miss Shaw says: "As far back as I can remember my great desire was to work for the uplifting of humanity. My family, however, bitterly opposed me, thinking a public life unbecoming a woman.

Miss Shaw supported herself during the three years that she was at Albion college, and also while she was at the Boston University school of theology, from which she graduated in 1878.

Miss Shaw was seven years pastor of the Methodist church at East Davis, Mass., and during this time took a course of medicine in the Boston University school of medicine. While she was still pastor of the Methodist church at East Davis Miss Shaw made application to the New England conference for ordination, but, although she passed a perfectly satisfactory examination, Bishop Andrews refused to ordain her on the ground of sex. However, a few months later she applied to the New York conference of the Wesleyan Methodist church, and was ordained and given full elders' orders.

Miss Shaw has for some time devoted herself to the suffrage movement, and has lectured much in the interests of that cause, although she makes it a point to preach on Sunday wherever she is. She is an untiring worker, and delivers on an average twenty lectures each month in the year.

ANTOINETTE VAN HOESEN

A Pretty Trifle.

The melon mouchoir case is a change from the flat, square ones so long in use. Six pieces of satin ribbon, eighteen inches in length and about three inches wide, in alternating colors, are neatly stitched together lengthwise, sloping to a point at each end as in the cut. A flat lining of cotton wadding filled with sachet

SIMPLE MOUCHOIR CASE.

powder —violet, heliotrope, or the new "peau d'Espagne"—is fastened around the edges, where one seam is left open at the upper side, and a pocket of soft silk is then put in. The ends are drawn closely and fastened with full bows of satin ribbon. Any number of dainty cambric handkerchiefs can be tucked away in the heart of this little roll. Pale buff and lavender, or pink and blue, olive green and light blue are delicate combinations of color in the ribbons. In making bows it is always better to tie the loops rather than to cut the ribbon into short bits.

EMMA MOFFETT TYNG.

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

Lack of Thoroughness in Instruction Given to Working Women.

A late number of The Chicago Tribune contains sketches and portraits of several successful business women of that city. Among them are seven publishers, three insurance agents, two lawyers, one pension claim agent, two dentists, two inventors, a real estate agent, a baker, a job printer and a firm of illustrative and decorative artists. Marrying for a home has no significance to these women.

Some women's goodness is so fierce and aggressive that it becomes rather fatiguing.

When you are tired all over don't collapse and drink tea. That is how too many women ruin their complexions, nerves, tempers and digestion. Take a glass or two of milk, and stop work awhile and lie down if you can. If you cannot, then go on the best you can, but don't learn to depend on tea for inspiration. It will make your depression, nervousness and exhaustion continually worse. Tea topers are always irritable of temper. It is doubtful whether an alcohol drunkard is much worse than a woman tea drunkard.

Edwin Checkley, in his admirable little work on physical training, has a chapter on bodily exercise for women. He says he believes no longer in either the physical or intellectual weakness of women. They have proved what they can do intellectually, and he has seen in China, England and Germany types of women that make him doubt very much whether the long accepted physical inferiority of women is a fact. Checkley, here's my hand!

In most of the large cities now there are classes and institutes where, in day and evening classes, free instruction is given to women and girls in drawing, photographic retouching, stenography, typewriting, etc. As benevolent enterprises of course these places are praiseworthy, but the bald headed fact remains that they are of rather slight practical benefit to those whom they try to help. The reason is the instruction is not thorough. These places are unfortunately cramped for means usually, and generally have to put up with gratuitous teaching, or such as can be obtained at the lowest prices. In either case the girl is apt to learn little that will be of real practical use to her in the matter of making her living. This is to be greatly regretted. There is only one apparent remedy. That is for the benevolent associations to attempt fewer branches in the way of instruction, and have those few taught thoroughly.

Concordia Loefving is vice president of a beautiful society in Sweden. It is called simply the Society for the Promotion of Good, a noble name. Its main object is the formation of agricultural colonies for the intellectual, moral and physical development of the children of the slums in Sweden. The best instruction on physical education perhaps now comes from Sweden, and Miss Loefving has published a volume of lectures on this subject, to which the French minister of education has awarded a medal. When the lady herself visited France she received an honor never before bestowed on a private individual—the privilege of lecturing in the great amphitheatre of the French University of Sorbonne. In her lecture at the Sorbonne Miss Loefving explained to a large audience how the Society for the Promotion of Good took outcast children and made them clean, healthy and moral members of the community. Thus this society believes in diminishing crime by catching the boys and girls early, and rescuing them before they become hardened.

The trades union congress at Liverpool witnessed something new for Great Britain. Among the delegates were ten women, excellent and effective speakers, those of them who took the floor. They were dignified and refined in appearance, too, all except one giddy creature, who wore a gold bracelet, an unpardonable sin in a working woman in England. Except the bracelet wearing offender the women made an excellent impression, and undoubtedly feminine delegates will be sent again next year. The example was borrowed from America and the Knights of Labor, who boldly put working women into their organization from the beginning, finding them among their best laborers, and in one case at least, that of Leonora Barry, among their most eloquent speakers. Master Workman Powderly himself can scarcely move an audience as this simple hearted enthusiast can.

The business manager of The Engineering and Mining Journal is now a woman, Mrs. Sophie Brunlich. She first entered the office of that journal as a stenographer. Mrs. Brunlich superintended the preparation of the census statistics of gold and silver.

Mrs. Ida Hall Roby has a pretty little drug store of her own in South Chicago, and runs it herself. It is said to be as neat as wax. We are not told whether gentlemen go there for their morning bitters or not. Mrs. Roby's clerk is a woman, too, Miss Jessie Carter.

Dr. Henry Muirhead, of Glasgow, Scotland, has left a sum of money to build and endow a college for the instruction of women in medicine, surgery, dentistry, chemistry and electricity. Thus the woman idea travels and wakes the world up as it goes.

The claim of Anna Ella Carroll for the planning of the successful campaign that began with the ascending of the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers and the capture of the Confederate forts is now before congress. It seems likely to remain there. Secretary Stanton said of Miss Carroll: "Her course was the most remarkable in the whole war. She got no pay, found herself and did the great work that rendered others famous." But, being a woman, what does Anna Ella Carroll expect?

Eliza Archard Conner

By Return Mail.

Just after Andrew Johnson had vacated the presidential seat the managers of the Simpson County (Ky.) Agricultural and Mechanical association decided that it would be a great advertisement to have the old gentleman attend the fair. "We don't care for him on Saturday," said the manager, "for on that day we shall have a pretty big crowd anyhow. Wednesday will be the day. I will write to the ex-president."

The following letter was sent to Mr. Johnson:

"GREAT SIR—The people of the wonderful county of Simpson, feeling a great interest in one of America's most gifted sons, have decided to invite you to be present at our fair grounds on Wednesday, the 6th of October, where they wish to shake your hand. Please let me know by return mail."

He let them know by return mail. The old gentleman turned the letter over and wrote the following:

"I am no menagerie. A. JOHNSON."
—Chicago Special Press Bureau.

An Experiment That Failed.

A few years ago two well known writers in the neighborhood of Harvard college endeavored to evince a practical turn. They lived near each other—so near that when the water in the supply pipes in the house of one was frozen they conceived the idea of introducing the much needed fluid before the plumber arrived by conveying it from the house of the other in an ordinary rubber hose. The weather was of the zero kind, and the same cold that froze the water in the leaden pipes within the house froze the water in the rubber hose which lay upon the snow without. It is hardly necessary to add that a mass of icy snow and a broken hose were the only results of this novel aqueduct.—San Francisco Argonaut.

He Was Prejudiced.

Traveler (to new acquaintance)—Does it not sadden you to see a boy like that smoking the pernicious and enervating cigarette?

New Acquaintance—Well, I can't say it does. You see, I manufacture them.—Enoch.

ABOUT RICH SENATORS.

THERE ARE FEWER MILLIONAIRES THAN THE PEOPLE THINK.

Walter Wellman Is of the Opinion That There Are No More Than Fifteen, and Gives His List—How They Made Their Money.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25. — Professor James Bryce, of England, author of "The American Commonwealth," was in Washington a few weeks ago, and while here I asked him, among other questions, which of the arts, in his opinion, had greatest development in this country. He promptly replied, "The art of money making." Here at the capital we see little of this art, but much of its results. This is a seat of money spending, not of money getting. Nearly all the rich men we have here came from other parts of the country, and made their wealth elsewhere. In congress are many very rich men, but not so many as the common talk has it. Estimates of men's wealth are generally exaggerated, and when public men are concerned the guesses are particularly liable to extravagance. It is generally supposed that one-half or more of the members of the senate are millionaires, but I doubt if more than fifteen members of that body could clear up a million dollars were they pushed to it. I have made some inquiries on this score, and find that the senators who are looked upon as millionaires by their colleagues are the following:

Stanford and Hearst of California.
Brown of Georgia,
McMillan and Stockbridge of Michigan,
Farwell of Illinois,
Power and Saunders of Montana,
Jones and Stewart of Nevada,
Sherman and Payne of Ohio,
Cameron of Pennsylvania,
Barbour of Virginia and
Sawyer of Wisconsin.

There are other rich men in the senate, such as Blodgett, Davis, Washburn, McPherson, Plumb, Casey, Aldrich, Dixon, Edmunds and Squire, but it is not likely that any one of these is entitled to be classed as a millionaire. In the house there are three or four millionaires and a large number of wealthy men. Roswell P. Flower is probably a millionaire, and so is Mr. Walker, of Massachusetts. The former made his money in banking and railway operations, while the latter amassed a fortune in manufacturing. Mr. Walker is a member of the largest tannery firm in the world, and is interested in many other extensive enterprises.

All the world knows how Leland Stanford acquired his wealth. "Uncle George" Hearst made his money as a mining prospector and "grub staker." I met the other day a man from the far west, and he said he would take George Hearst's judgment on a mine before that of any other living man. Hearst made his first big strike as an expert on the value of mining property. He was sent by some capitalists in the early days of California to test and pronounce upon a mine which other experts had condemned. Hearst declared that it was a big thing, and the company which bought it out and developed it made a large pile of money. This established Hearst's reputation. Nothing succeeds like success, and thereafter the San Francisco public was ready to follow Hearst in any venture which his name was associated with. He made a great blunder on the famous Diamond mines of Utah, which some enterprising scalawags had "salted" with real diamonds, and his followers lost barrels of money in the fake mine, but they did not lose confidence in the man. The most of them stuck to him, and put their money in other enterprises on his recommendation, and they grew rich and so did he. "Uncle George" Hearst knows what it is to pack a burro with two months' provisions and start off into the mountains prospecting for gold or silver mines. He is the only one of the so called mining senators who ever wielded a pick with his own hands.

Senator Brown, of Georgia, made his money in railway operations. He was a lawyer, and when railways were to be reorganized or consolidated he furnished the brains while other people furnished the railways. That is one of the favorite methods of getting rich in this country, it seems. I could point out scores of men throughout the country who have amassed large fortunes in this way. Of course it is honest enough, but the suspicion remains that the lawyers, lawyer like, get altogether too much for their time and work. The only other millionaire in the senate from the south made his pile in much the same way. Senator Barbour was a railway lawyer and railway president, and the money just tumbled into his fingers.

McMillan and Stockbridge, of Michigan, and Sawyer, of Wisconsin, made their strikes in lumber, though they have since branched out into a great variety of enterprises. McMillan and his partners in Detroit, the Newberrys, are into pretty much everything in the state—mining, lumber mills, railways, car works and all sorts of manufacturing enterprises. Senator Stockbridge is a farmer and stock raiser on a huge scale. Senator Sawyer has been dabbling a little in mining property, and has put two or three hundred thousand dollars into gold mines within a dozen miles of Washington, on the Potomac. The odd thing about it is that this enterprise is likely to pay him handsomely. There is an immense pile of low grade ore in the banks of the Potomac, and the old miners say that it is the low grade ore that makes the big fortunes in the end, providing there is enough of it.

An incident relating to these Potomac mines is worth telling. Some years ago Senator Hearst was coming to Washington by the Baltimore and Ohio road. About ten miles from Washington he was looking out the car window, and he turned at this point and remarked to his companion, "I'll wager money there is gold about here, and I shouldn't be surprised if there was enough of it to pay working." At that time Hearst did not know any one had even prospected in the Potomac hills. He had judged simply from the "signs" which his keen eye had noted in the surface of the country. The now famous Glen Echo suburb of Washington, in which members of the president's family are investors, is supposed to be built upon deposits of gold quartz of a low grade. Senator Sawyer's Potomac mines are still in operation, but the senator doesn't worry himself much about them. He told me a couple of years ago that he had all the money he wanted and everything else in this world except youth.

Senator Jones is another good judge of mines. He has made two or three fortunes, and is apparently capable of making two or three more if worst comes to worst. To this day he likes to grub-stake a prospector on the dubious probability that the man will discover something rich. Having a reputation for generosity in such matters about all the grub-stake prospectors in the country strike him for a stake when they can't find another backer. About this the senator tells a good story. Out in California is a man named Bud Clarkson (not related to James S. Clarkson of Iowa), who is noted as being the biggest liar on the coast. One day a prospector accosted Jones and told him he knew where there was a mine that had a rich deposit of ore 300 feet thick in a solid vein. "There never was such a mine, you blamed fool," replied the senator. "Oh, yes there is, and I know where to put my fingers on it." "Who told you about this wonderful mine?" demanded the senator. "Bud Clarkson." "Well, don't you know that Bud Clarkson is the champion liar of California?" "Yes, I s'pose he is. But, senator, just think what a mine it would be if only half what Bud says is true."

Senator Jones is now at work upon a novel enterprise. Years ago he acquired 10,000 acres of land lying right across the bay from San Francisco. The tract didn't cost him more than a thousand or two, for it is all covered by water when the tide is at its highest. But the land is very rich. It is a sort of marl which has been deposited there by the two rivers which flow into the bay on either side of it. The black, rich soil is ten or fifteen fathoms thick. Now Jones is at work reclaiming the whole tract. Big dredges are in operation building a dyke to keep the tide out. The dyke is seven feet high, and is constructed without masonry or other expensive work. Already twelve or fifteen miles have been finished of the seventy-five that will be required to keep the tide off the whole tract.

Last year the senator sowed a small part of this tract in barley, and the soil was rough and lumpy, not being subdued in its first season of cultivation; he got a yield of seventy bushels to the acre. He has been offered $10 an acre per year for the lease of all the ground he has reclaimed for truck gardening. A few years more and Jones expects to have the whole 10,000 acres under cultivation. For truck farming it will be superb on account of its richness, and because it is only an hour from San Francisco by ferryboat. What a fortune the 10,000 acres will be at $10 an acre, or even $5, each year!

In Washington we have many men of wealth who made their money in the states, and who, though not in public life, come here to live because they like the capital as a place of residence. The richest of these, perhaps, is Leiter, who amassed a fortune in the dry goods business in Chicago. He lives in Mr. Blaine's house. Another rich man is Mr. Warder, of Springfield, O., who grew rich in making agricultural implements. Thirty years ago on adjoining farms in southwestern Ohio lived two poor boys. One was this Mr. Warder, and the other's name was Emerson. One of them tells me they often talked of what they would like to be when men, and they agreed that their highest ambition was to own a big factory, employing hundreds of workmen. Warder became the richest man and most public spirited citizen of the manufacturing town of Springfield, while Emerson, his bosom friend, now occupies a similar position in the thriving town of Rockford, Ills. Emerson, like his friend, made a fortune in agricultural implements, and again like his friend is living a life of ease and good works.

Ex-Senator Henderson is another rich man who has settled down here to live in a beautiful castle overlooking the Capitol. He made a fortune in a queer way. In Missouri many counties had voted bonds to aid in building railways, and then had taken advantage of certain court decisions to refuse to pay the indebtedness. In a moment of inspiration Mrs. Henderson told her husband that those bonds would some day be paid, and that he ought to buy a lot of them. Almost against his judgment, but relying on his wife's intuition, Henderson invested about all the money he had in county bonds. He bought at a few cents on the dollar and eventually sold out at near par.

A case almost identical with this is that of Col. Henry Strong, who, like Henderson, occupies a castle in Washington. Col. Strong was some years ago a plain country lawyer at Keokuk, Ia. A tier of counties through that state had voted bonds to aid the Burlington and Missouri River railroad. Among the holders of a block of these bonds was Edgar Thompson, of the famous steel works at Pittsburg, who had sold rails to the road. A decision of the supreme court of the state invalidated the bonds, and their market value went down to one or two cents on the dollar. Thompson had $250,000 of this paper, and he offered Strong one-half the proceeds in case he could secure a reversal of the decision. Strong accepted the offer and went to work. He soon saw his way clear in the courts, and then invested all the money he had in bonds on his own account. He secured about half a million dollars of them at prices ranging from one and a quarter cents to one and three-quarters, and soon afterward the supreme court of Iowa reversed its former decision, and the second decision was confirmed by the supreme court of the United States. Strong got more than $100,000 from Edgar Thompson, and sold out a part of his own holdings at 87½.

According to the law under which the bonds were issued a holder could at any time exchange the bonds for stock in the road, and as the road was at that time about to be absorbed by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy system Strong made the exchange on his remaining securities. Soon afterward the stock of the Burlington road was watered 100 per cent., and Strong found himself a millionaire, whereas but two or three years before he had been a common country lawyer, eager for a fifty dollar fee. From this on all was plain sailing. Strong drew out of the Burlington at a favorable time, and organized the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe system by consolidation, construction and absorption. He became president of that great corporation, and in a few years more multiplied his million by five.

Some men are born rich, some achieve riches and others have riches thrust upon them.

WALTER WELLMAN.

BELLINGHAM, WASH.

A Name for Three Puget Sound Cities When They Are Consolidated.

[Special Correspondence.]

BELLINGHAM, Wash., Sept. 25.—If you do not know where "Bellingham, Wash.," is your maps will not help you out in the matter. You will see by looking at a map of Washington, in the upper left hand corner of the state, and just east of Vancouver Island, a little bay set back in Whatcom county. That is Bellingham bay. On the eastern shore of this bay, and joining each other, are three embryo cities, Whatcom being the oldest, Sehome or New Whatcom the second oldest, and Fairhaven the youngest. A recent effort to consolidate the two Whatcoms failed to carry.

An effort is now being made to consolidate the three cities, but judging from the hot rivalry between these places—each is trying to absorb the others—it will be some time before the thing is accomplished—unless Uncle Sam takes a tumble to the fact that under the present system he is being worked on the postoffice question. He is now maintaining three offices, with contingent expenses, where one would fill the bill and do it far better at no increased expense. With the three places combined the population would secure free delivery of mails, whereas by the present system some people of each village have to walk a mile to get their mail, and run great risk of meeting bears, which may be lurking yet in the dense primeval forests adjacent to the streets and avenues.

For be it remembered that Fairhaven is not yet a year old, notwithstanding a population of some four thousand souls. It is a town such as may be found nowhere else. It has four banks, two newspapers, one daily and one weekly; at least a dozen hotels, saloons and faro banks too numerous to mention. Hundreds of men are busy digging and dynamiting out stumps and grading and planking broad streets through the forests, and carpenters and masons and painters as thick as fleas in California are putting up business blocks and handsome residences. Real estate agents are coining money selling lots, while printers are kept busy day and night getting out maps and charts of the dozens of "additions," which even now take in the hills and valleys for miles around. Two or more saw mills are running full force to supply the lumber, and docks cannot be built fast enough to receive the freight arriving.

This is a brief picture of Fairhaven. Practically the same conditions exist at each of the other corporations named.

The great difficulty in the way of consolidation is the matter of the name to be given the new city.

To be impartial I have called the consolidated city "Bellingham," the name of the beautiful bay upon which these three hustling towns are situated. If this name is not satisfactory I suggest a combination of the three names, taking the first syllable of the first two and the last of the other. Then we have "Fair-Se-Com." If that is not sufficiently poetic let them call it "Mt. Baker," or "Baker City," in honor of Mt. Baker, whose snow capped crown rises into the heavens in full view of each town, making a glorious background to a most lovely landscape.

What is the inspiration of all the activity here visible? Unlimited lumber resources, contiguous coal mines, whose veins are no less than thirty feet thick; mountains of solid iron ore of the richest quality, lime stone, sand banks, building stone, agricultural lands, unlimited fishing waters; the finest lakes, over 200 feet above the city, forming a natural reservoir of pure water within two miles of the bay; deep channels and secure harbors, railroad connection with two or more of the great transcontinental lines, a climate unsurpassed for both winter and summer, absolute freedom from stagnant water or marsh lands—everything conspires to make this an ideal spot for a great city.

There are now three daily, two weekly and one tri-weekly papers in the three towns, and ten banks. Among the hotels are at least six good ones, and two of them are fine modern structures. Houses cannot be built fast enough for the people. Many canvas tents and slab shanties are doing temporary duty as homes for families. Men are pouring in from all directions, and with a present joint population of near 12,000 in the three cities five years will see a population of 100,000 at the present rate of increase.

Men who left New York six months ago are considered old settlers, and substantial business houses and manufactories stand where six months ago were jungles so dense that a man could scarcely pick his way through the brush. To clear the land of timber costs $75 to $100 an acre, and to free it of stumps costs as much more. An electric street car line is being graded connecting the three towns, and heavy cedar and fir logs are being piled into heaps and burned up to clear the way for the car tracks through the streets.

W. G. BENTON.

There are glaciers in the Himalayas which are from thirty to sixty miles in length, and there is one thirty-three miles long which is flanked on either side by two giant peaks over 27,000 feet high.

HERE AND THERE.

The national gallery of Ireland has come into possession of a priceless treasure in the form of a Rembrandt portrait. It is the likeness of a young man, and is painted in the artist's earlier manner.

The German fleet stands at 139 vessels in a French estimate of effective naval forces, which gives only 141 to France, Italy comes before it with 188 and England before all of them with 393.

The German builds his railroad cars for men. He puts his cigar holders and match receivers into nineteen compartments out of twenty, the twentieth being nominally, not often actually, reserved for "non-smokers."

The great statue of Bavaria, at Munich, represents a female figure standing, with a lion sitting by her side. The whole monument is ninety-five feet in height, the statue being sixty-two feet and the pedestal thirty feet.

There are 200 members of the Hair Dressers' academy in London, all men, females not being admitted, as being inferior artists. The academy meets once a week for lessons upon living models, though new members practice upon a block head.

An English newspaper charged a shire councilor with having "tiddly winked the shire funds." The game of tiddlewinks is one of skill, and an expert must be gifted with sleight of hand. Financial tiddlewinking is a suggestive phrase, and is now introduced for the first time.